



Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED.

So on this auspicious morning the little log building was filled with a noisy crowd in high good humor. Winslow sat on the platform in company with a few leading men who were busy making speeches. For now that the schoolhouse was a success—a practical something in logs and mortar, everybody was enthusiastic; each striving to prove that his had been the support which promised to make of St. Charles an educational center.

And for this recognition Winslow was grateful. What though doubts were at first expressed and, fearful of failure, the villagers gave shy indorsement and grudging aid? "I am not the first," he thought, "for whose venture the public waited with hands behind its back; in one the crown of thorns—the laurel wreath in the other."

Unconsciously his shoulders were lifted disdainfully; his lips took a cynical curve at thought of how little his venture—a log schoolhouse in the wilderness—was worthy either reward. Compared with the hopes he had built on the southern project how puny it seemed! He had reckoned upon the success of the expedition less from its own possibilities than because of his belief in the integrity and statecraft of Aaron Burr. From him—through his reflected glory, he had expected great things. There was much of the dreamer in Winslow—the disciple rather than the leader.

And this, not from weakness, but because of a habitual plane of thought where energetic leadership seemed scarcely worth while. To live and dream in an artistic, a poetic world to which others had given practical shape—this was his idea of the best in life. The failure of Burr's plans had roused him to action, and action which, so far as it led, had been successful; it was only that he despised the end.

But there had suddenly come a new turn of affairs, and his horizon had dawned broader—bright with new possibilities. It was this recent hope which lifted the tenor of his thought, made less hard the light in his eyes; this—and something else.

For there was a stir at the door, and some newcomers pushed through the crowd. Winslow saw Rev. Luke Ballinger rise from his chair near the pulpit, and go down the aisle to greet him. His heart gave an expectant throb. On the threshold appeared the white head of Mr. Creighton. Tall, placid-eyed, he stood, on his arm the invalid wife. She was pale and very thin, with the look of one to whom has been granted, in illness, a glimpse of the unseen. Winslow's eyes lingered upon her as if to drink in a bit of the divinity which he fancied must be clinging to her. Then his gaze sought and held the other daintily, if more earthly bit of loveliness that hovered near her in the doorway. Lavender had seen in one quick glance that Winslow was there, had noted his eager attention upon her entrance. Summoning all her artful artlessness, she responded to the preacher's greeting with serenity and an easy indifference which belied her beating heart. He found seats for her parents, then asked her to lead the singing. "No body can play; we have been waiting for you," he said.

"And I would not have missed coming," she said, "but we were determined to get in."

The reverend man replied with mock gravity: "I see, but were you not afraid of being smitten with blindness, that, like the men of Sodom, you came near to break the door?"

She gave him a searching glance as they went down the aisle together, opening her eyes wide with a pretty blush of defiance.

The minister shook his head. "The eyes are there, no doubt; see that they do no mischief," and shaking his finger at her with a warning smile, he escorted her to the pulpit which occupied one end of the platform.

And Winslow's attention wandered from the service to watch her as she presided over the squeaky little instrument. In her best mulberry-colored gown, with sarsenet sash, she sat demure, her head bent over the keyboard, all her mind apparently intent upon a copy of Watt's hymns—all her strength expended in energetic pressure of the stiff old pedals. But that her thoughts, too, were wandering, was apparent from an occasional glance, sidelong, in his direction; then a blush would redden her cheek, and creep down into the neck which the soft gaze kerchief only pretended to conceal. To-day she was to give Winslow his answer; the answer to his question: "May its fulfillment be mine?"

All the way into the village she had been rehearsing what she should say, how meet him.

tender eyes, each curve of the winsome lips, the rise and fall of linen crossed on the happy bosom—all made plain what words could only weaken.

The exercises would have bored any but such an audience. The people, mentally starved, were pleased with anything that even parodied thought, and speeches, dialogues and songs were applauded with an impartiality which made up in fervor what it lacked in discrimination. The last speaker chose patriotism for his theme, and waved an imaginary banner of stars and stripes for the edification of his hearers. To most of these, however, patriotism was but a name; national pride a dead letter. For love of country could have no firm hold upon a people when the very name of that country was for months a matter of doubt; when much of the time, it was a moot question to what flag they owed allegiance. The standard raised, and as often lowered to give place to another, cheapened each until, through rapid changes, the pioneers managed well enough without a common head, relying each upon its own sturdy settlement.

However, this was more especially true of the French and Spanish in the new territory; there were stalwart sons of the new republic east of the Mississippi, to whom the sight of the standard of freedom was inspiring; who felt yet a glow of patriot fervor at the faintest flap of eagle wings. To one of this kind was allotted the closing speech. He was a tall, loose-jointed individual whose hair might be charitably described as sandy, but whose whiskers were undeniably red. The arms which he waved seemed borrowed for the occasion—so little their gestures savored of familiar use. He raised his voice to a patriotic shriek at the peroration: "My friends, I have said all this to prove that there yet live patriots about us. Because we have journeyed far, let us not forget that we have a country; let us not forget, either, that our country has enemies. Indeed, we have had recent news of the activity of one such. His machinations are even now being discussed in a court of law at Richmond where, let us hope, justice and truth will be vindicated, and by its orders may Aaron Burr suffer the doom of traitor to his flag."

He waved his arms again, and with a jerky bow took his seat. The applause that followed was intended less in praise of the oratory than gratitude for the relief of tired muscles. When it had died away, Winslow, pale, but with eyes glowing, came to the center of the platform. There was an expectant hush, and he began: "It is not my purpose to speak in justification of the distinguished prisoner at the bar to which our friends have just alluded, but my personal acquaintance with Aaron Burr makes it hard to keep silent. Even so great a soul as he may reach depths where the faith of the humblest is prized. You will forgive me, therefore, if I add a moiety of favor in the balance which threatens to weigh against him. My own connection with his expedition I am prepared to explain fully to all in whose minds there may lurk a doubt of my honesty (in the half-defiant pause which followed nobody spoke nor moved), but for Aaron Burr's cause I am not here to ask for your sympathy; the verdict of the court must decide for us. I have only to suggest that in the meantime all criticism be withheld. The country at large is the jury which will later sit in deliberation upon the result. Indeed, it is more than likely that the whole truth will not be known until the judgment. On that day let us see that we bring to that Greater Bar unprejudiced minds and hearts all free from bias that may escape preemptions of the hands of the Great Challenger."

There was a pause, while his hearers were undecided whether to applaud or not. Winslow settled the point for them by a sudden change of tone and manner. Coming forward and insensitively edging closer to where a little to the right—sat Lavender, he began anew lightly:

"I have an announcement to make which may come as a surprise to many here."

The audience craned their necks, and those at the windows stood a-tiptoe to hear. "I am going back east as soon as—" involuntarily his head swerved to the right—"as soon as possible. There are urgent reasons calling me away now. I fear that all of you who remain here to work in the vineyard will like me to the spies of Canaan who only carry home bunches of grapes to show the fatness of the land. But, indeed, I go with grateful regrets which must ever follow such kindness you have met here—here, in this garden spot of the new land of our new country."

And he bowed amid loud cheers. Then: "But in order that the work here be not lost, but carried on better than my feeble powers would admit, the committee and I have decided to present the name of another for the place of teacher in this school. The gentleman whom we have the honor to name is Mr. Gerald Creighton."

At this arose an audible murmur of excitement; none expressed open displeasure but all felt more or less disappointment. Winslow was not only a personal favorite—he was regarded by all as one having authority, and competent to lead the school to success. That his mantle would sit well upon the restless shoulders of the easy-going Gerald all felt much doubt. But to the pioneer mind it was of small consequence, and there was no dissent. Since the new Elisha was nowhere to be found, his acceptance was taken for granted.

As Winslow took his seat there was a commotion in the crowd that filled the aisle, and Tobias Judson lurched forward. Stepping to the platform

with a tread that threatened partition of the oaken flooring, he began to speak.

If there were a member of the community whose word carried more weight than another's, it was Uncle Tobias—as he was familiarly known. His was an ambition to be known as one having authority and, though self-appointed to the office, the country folk were glad to recognize him as arbiter in common affairs. Hence his great hand raised was as a scepter, his first word was followed by instant silence.

"Feller citizens, I want ter say a word about this schoolhouse. I'm proud of it; it's the first, but you kin feel bet yer life it ain't a-goin' to be the last. And I want ter say—speakin' for the committee and the hull of yer, that we're all oblieged to the schoolmaster."

His wave of the hand toward Winslow was the signal for cheers; the orator continued: "You all will be glad to hear, too, that he's struck it rich—or that's how it promises. They've found coal on his land, and it's a valuable piece of property. When he goes back east he kin brag to his friends about the strike he made here, and I hope he'll do it."

Another emphatic nod followed by loud applause. "If he does, it'll probably take the curse off'n that Burr dodge that fizzled out—and with all due respect to the schoolmaster I'm right glad it did. A coal mine in this blessed country is better any day than promises of gold and diamonds in a land which none of us ain't sartin about, and can't locate any closer 'n the end o' Godsped!"

There was loud applause and the scuffling of anxious feet. To the latter disconcerting accompaniment Rev. Luke offered prayer. Then he gave out the hymn, and Winslow stepped to the pulpit to turn the leaves for the player. As Lavender struck the first chord their eyes met; though her own were instantly lowered again, to the keys, Winslow had read his answer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When the time for dinner had come, the merry-makers devoted themselves with keen appetites and spirits boisterous to this—the grand event of the day. To Winslow it seemed odd that these simple pioneer folk who served all meals in such bare and homely fashion should find sport in slight deviation from the ordinary habit. "But evidently there are degrees in rustic simplicity," he said to himself, as with a smile half cynical, half envious he surveyed the crowd. Two or three small fires were built, and above these hung kettles for the making of that rare luxury—tea. Over the embers game was roasted, and "roastin' ears" slowly baked in their jackets of yellow and green. Cloths were sometimes spread on the ground, but more often lap-robes served as napery. Here and there, from their teams detached, were wagons in which whole families perched making hungry dives into a common hamper. One table graced the grove. It was put together—a few boards on stakes—for the use of the committee and its favored guests. Chief of these was Winslow, who occupied his post of honor with secret dissatisfaction. For in the few words he had found time to say, Mrs. Creighton urged his company with them. He declined ruefully. "A lamb led to the slaughter I go to play the role of hero in—extraordinary. But save a little strength to visit with me," and he bowed low over her hand.

With divided mind he performed the honors of the table; secretly intent upon watching Lavender. One or two of the more daring among the village beaux assisted with awkward gallantry while she unfilled the small hickory crates and put the food in tempting array on a white cloth—dropped like a cloud upon the green sward.

When Winslow's gaze would catch and hold hers a rare smile filled her eyes with iridescent sparkle or by a bow, blush or wave of the hand she would reward the glances which, however they roved, came always back to her. For the lover's fond vision saw but another setting for her beauty in this brilliant scene; the forest—all green save for the scarlet of berry and gold of blossom which blazoned the last glory of summertime. The sky seemed to hold for her the softest bridal veil of mist and in the back ground a low fire smoldered—against which her head shone in cameo relief.

He was roused from these poetic fancies by a touch on the shoulder and turning saw Gerald Creighton, his handsome face a-blush. With an embarrassed smile he said: "May I see you when dinner is over?" At the grove by the road there; I'll be waiting under the maple trees." Winslow murmured a surprised assent, but before he could speak further Gerald had slipped away. In a moment he was joined by Susan whom he led straight to his mother.

Interested, Winslow watched the little family comedy. Sue, frightened, nervous, but beaming with a proud happiness, hovered close to her lover. Happiness—yet not all unalloyed; for the daughter's conscience was never free from the accusing finger of the dead. It was the first time she had seen Gerald—except for the few moments by the brook—since the awful suspicion, and to-day she only consented because he would not be refused; he had besought, commanded: "Tell me, Susan, I insist upon knowing your reason for this change. You love me, dear; why do you treat me coldly?"

She had parried his questioning with a promise to go this once, and now she was here—here, with all her little world looking on. Winslow noticed the gentle kindness with which Mrs. Creighton responded to Sue's awkward little courtesy. The father

placed her near him with an evident intent to put her at ease.

As Lavender advanced to meet the new guest, Winslow watched her closely; how would she act? There was just a moment's hesitation—she stopped short and, all the color gone from her face, put her hand to her heart as if in sudden pain. Involuntarily her eyes sought Winslow's, and it gave him a sudden sharp pang as he thought: "She is wondering how she must meet the girl whose father I killed!"

But whatever the reason, Lavender's hesitation was over in a moment, and going forward she greeted the newcomer with hand outstretched and smiling words. Winslow could hear none of the conversation, but it was apparent that the family were bent upon kindness toward this timid stranger whose quiet brown eyes and quivering lips seemed to entreat their love.

Gerald maintained a defiant air of outward calmness, but there was a flush on his cheek, and an anxious light in his eye which flashed feverish scrutiny between his mother and the girl he had thrust upon her. He was proud, grateful and happy at Sue's reception—at the justice finally done; relieved that the wooing of her who really held his wayward affections need no longer under the rose.

At the close of the meal Winslow saw Gerald go alone to the place of meeting he had signified.

As soon as possible he followed to where the grove of maples offered shade and silence. Here he found Gerald waiting.

The latter greeted him with impulsive candor: "Mr. Winslow, what a coward you must think me!"

Winslow took his hand, smiling as he returned: "I'm sorry I came, if it was but to hear you vilify yourself."

But Gerald was fully bent upon making the apology to which he had poured forth as if anxious to have the distasteful task over.

(To Be Continued.)

ROMANCE OF THREE LIVES

Strange Action of a Woman Who Loved Two Men with Equal Fervor.

An interesting chapter of a Maine romance was brought to light by the recent death in Bowdoinham of the two most concerned in the story, says the Kennebec Journal. Some 40 years ago or more there lived in the outskirts of Bowdoinham two brothers who were both greatly attached to a pretty young woman who lived on the farm adjacent to their own prosperous homestead.

After several years' courtship the charming object of their united affections consented to wed the elder brother, although somewhat reluctantly.

The wedding day was appointed, the minister engaged and new furnishings bought for the home of the prospective bride, when that wavering young woman scandalized her friends by suddenly backing out of her agreement. She declared with most convincing earnestness that she would never marry Thomas feeling as she did toward Richard, the younger brother.

She loved them both alike and couldn't tell which one she loved the best. The neighborhood had not recovered from the shock of the broken engagement before it received a second blow. Undaunted by the criticisms of relatives and neighbors, the heroine of this unusual love story, after the sudden death of her mother, announced her intention of acting as housekeeper for her lover's admirers, who were orphans, like herself.

During 40 years she occupied this unique position, which she filled with admirable decorum. As time passed many attempts were made by the ever-faithful Thomas and Richard to induce their attractive housekeeper to change her mind; but her answer was ever the same. She loved them both with impartial affection.

Best of friends, the three lived happily together, until, a short time ago, the death of Thomas made a sad break in the home life of the farm. Following close upon his death came that of his once promised bride, now the gray-haired housekeeper, who had nursed him devotedly through his long illness. Sole survivor of this romance history is Richard, who sorely misses his two cherished friends and comrades.

WINES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Romans Served Them at Their Banquets Many Hundreds of Years Old.

The tombs of Beni Hassan, said an antiquary of Chicago, "are interesting on account of their realistic paintings. In these tombs, which are 5,000 years old, there are many pictures of drunkards. Drunken men, waving wine cups in both hands, are being carried home by sneering slaves. Drunken women lurch through the streets, followed by little mocking children. All this, mind you, 5,000 years ago."

"Alexander the Great used to hold drinking contests. He who could drink and carry off the most wine won. Promachus, the skilled Promachus, won a gold cup from Alexander by drinking 14 quarts of wine. Fourteen quarts!"

"The Romans used to serve at their banquets wines 80 and 100 years old. They would mix with these wines turpentine, resin and seawater. Thus, they thought, a fine flavor was gotten."

"I once tasted a wine 200 years old. It was so thick we had to dig it out with a spoon. It's flavor was so horrible that turpentine, resin and sea water would, no doubt, have improved it."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

AN EPITOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NORTH, EAST, WEST, SOUTH

A Carefully Digested and Condensed Compilation of Current News Items, Domestic and Foreign.

CONGRESS.

A new high record in the way of passage of private pension bills was made by the house, when 725 bills were passed in an hour and a half.

Senator Daniel of Virginia has introduced a bill in the senate "to establish the foundation for industrial peace." The purpose of the organization is to receive the Noble peace prize awarded to President Roosevelt, and by him donated to form the nucleus of a fund, the income of which shall be expended for the bringing together of representatives of capital and labor for a discussion of industrial problems.

Advocates of a 14-foot channel for the Mississippi river from Chicago to St. Louis and the Gulf met defeat when the house, in committee of the whole, having under consideration the river and harbor appropriation bill, voted to stand by the recommendation of the committee in opposition to the project.

The army appropriation bill has been reported to the senate, and will be taken up as soon as the Indian appropriation bill has been disposed of. The bill carries \$81,500,000.

Senator Bacon made a statement in the senate intended to show that Senator Beveridge had been in error regarding the operation of the child labor law in Georgia. Mr. Beveridge had said there had been 3,000 applications for child labor in Fulton county, Georgia, under the new state law, and that all of them had been granted. Mr. Bacon said he had ascertained that but 10 applications had been granted.

The house has passed the McCumber pension bill. The house, by a vote of 110 to 85, concurred in the senate amendments to the urgent deficiency bill, loaning the Jamestown exposition \$1,000,000, and safeguarding the loan by a lien on the gross receipts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The country home of Mr. John Wanamaker, near Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$1,500,000. The house contained 50 rooms, all furnished in distinctive style of some period of the world's history. A valuable collection of Venetian glass was destroyed, also bric-a-brac. The paintings of "Christ before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary," by Munkacsy, valued at \$250,000, were saved. The house was in charge of a caretaker, Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker being at their winter home in Philadelphia.

The house completed and passed the river and harbor appropriation bill, carrying more than \$83,000,000, with sundry amendments, all of which were suggested by the chairman of the committee, Mr. Burton of Ohio. Cold weather resulted in the usual gas shortage in Pittsburgh, Pa., and much suffering is reported. At the annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game association, held in Quebec, an application was received for membership from President Roosevelt and favorably acted upon.

In a letter to Speaker Cannon, Secretary Shaw says of the building in Washington occupied by the bureau of printing and engraving: "I doubt if a worse sweatshop exists on the earth than the factory in which the government manufactures its money, its bonds, its internal revenue and postage stamps. The condition of the employees, especially in summer, is well nigh unbearable, and every consideration pleads for improvement."

Reports received in New York state that a revolutionary outbreak has occurred in San Juan, Argentina, in which the rebels defeated the government forces and seized the reins of government. Unassigned bank notes to the amount of \$1,250,000, consigned by the comptroller of the currency at Washington to the Wilmington National bank, at Wilmington, Pa., were stolen from a drawer in the baggage room of the Pennsylvania railroad at Wilmington. St. Louis Aero club asks the government to hold \$50,000 tests of balloons for army work in that city.

The January statement of the English board of trade shows increases of \$35,331,000 in imports and of \$921,479,000 in exports.

The Nebraska house has concurred in the action of the senate by indefinitely postponing the bill to abolish capital punishment.

As a result of an explosion on board torpedo boat No. 339, of the French navy, nine men are dead and two men are injured.

A. R. Spofford, chief assistant librarian of congress, has been stricken with paralysis. The attack is not serious.

The long-planned insurrection of Gen. Antonio Parades against President Castro of Venezuela has begun, says a dispatch from that country.

A warm chinook wind saved thousands of head of cattle and sheep from death by starvation and freezing in Wyoming.

Chief Engineer Stevens tells government he will quit if Panama canal is dug under contract.

The Iowa board of railroad commissioners has ordered a complete revision of freight schedules in the state. The order was made after hearing complaints made on rates on live stock.

The farewell banquet given by the London Pilgrims in honor of James Bryce, ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, was a notable Anglo-American event, the most prominent members of the government and other leaders participating. Words of friendship were uttered by Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to Great Britain, and the Japanese minister.

A Pennsylvania railroad train ran wild through Philadelphia with the engineer dead at the throttle. He had been struck by some obstruction along the track. The fireman stopped the train.

J. K. McLean, a prominent Kansan, died at his home at Florence, Kas., aged 84. He served through the civil war as a captain and afterward served as a major in the regular army. He also served in the Kansas legislature.

All conductors, trainmen and yardmen of the Southern railway are to receive an increase in wages aggregating between \$350,000 and \$400,000 a year. The advance affects hundreds of men.

Oats reached the highest price in Chicago in three years when the May delivery touched 40½¢. The advance was caused by buying by prominent bulls and shorts. The latter were induced to cover by the fact that the greater part of the May holdings are said to be in the hands of a few influential operators.

A snowslide at Spring Mountain, Utah, overwhelmed a miner's cabin and killed William Thornton. Two other men in the cabin were uninjured, and a fourth man in the path of the avalanche escaped by climbing a tree. At Kerwin, Wyo., a slide, in the night, killed Charles Brunell and wife.

The Dawes commission has completed passing on the enrollment of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, a work that was commenced ten years ago. The names of the several thousand claimants included in the roll will be sent to the secretary of the interior by whom they must be passed upon by March 4, after which date no applications of persons rejected will be considered.

It is admitted by railroad managers that the opening of spring will tell some greswome tales of suffering, starvation and death in the Dakotas, caused by the intense cold and deep snow.

President Diaz of Mexico has expressed a desire to visit Los Angeles during the imperial council of Mystic Shrines in May. The Los Angeles Shrines are preparing for the expected visit of the executive of the southern republic.

Six hundred Japanese immigrants arrived at Honolulu on the steamer Siba la. A number of them wore the full uniform of the soldier of Japan, and two captains, in addition to being clothed in uniform of their rank, wore their war medals.

The third mine explosion in West Virginia in two weeks occurred at the Davis Coal and Coke Co.'s mine No. 25 at Thomas, near Elkins, and 25 or 30 miners are said to have been killed.

In competent quarters in France Premier Clemenceau's position is regarded as seriously compromised, and his sudden retirement or downfall would not create great surprise.

At Ponca, Neb., Frank Fink, aged 30, shot and killed Miss Bessie Newton, daughter of a prominent citizen, and fatally wounded himself. Fink was a rejected suitor, and in a few hours Miss Newton would have been the bride of another.

Senator Heyburn continues fight on Secretary Hitchcock's question of withdrawal order of public lands.

"Aunt" Jane Lewis, whose age is authentically estimated to have been 116, died at Hamilton, O. She was born at Petersburg, Va., and served in the family of Gen. Zachary Taylor.

William C. Pickett, one of the best medical authorities in the United States on nervous diseases, and a member of the faculty of the Medical-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia, is dead.

Appropriations aggregating \$209,180,564 are carried in the postoffice bill agreed upon by the house committee on postoffices and post roads. The postoffice appropriation for the current year was \$191,670,562.

Atty. Gen. Bonaparte will test employers' liability statute, appealing the case lost by negress.

Senate's investigation of Brownsville (Tex.) incident is begun. Forcible to safeguard discharged soldiers' interests.

At least a dozen lives are believed to have been lost in a terrific snow slide that came down Monarch mountain about 9 o'clock at night, completely overwhelming three business houses in Monarch, Col., and burying their occupants under 50 feet of snow and dirt.

As an expression of its "high appreciation of services rendered to Japan during its war with Russia," the Japanese government has asked for permission to confer upon the American ambassadors to Russia and Japan during the Russo-Japanese war various decorations, and the secretary of state has forwarded the request to congress.

An opinion has been rendered in the supreme court of California holding that two commitments to an insane asylum do not exempt a murderer from responsibility for his crime, nor uphold his plea that at the time of his homicide he was insane.

State Happenings.

He Won, But Cost His Life.

St. Joseph—Harry Stilson, an athletic young man, who recently came to this city from Atchison, made a wager that he could stand upon his head for 20 minutes, most of the time without the aid or support of his hands. The feat was successfully performed and he broke the local record, but the wager cost him his life. Stilson became unconscious, and the combined work of the best physicians in the city was unable to relieve congestion of the brain.

A Pioneer Editor Dead.

Savannah—Leroy D. Carter, aged 80, died here. He started the Adventurer, the first newspaper published in St. Joseph, Mo. In 1874 Carter was elected sheriff of Andrew county on the granite ticket. The late Gov. Altgeld of Illinois was elected prosecuting attorney of Andrew county on the same ticket. Upon his retirement from office, Carter removed to his farm south of Savannah, where he lived until his death.

Steamboatmen Gratified.

Jefferson City—Missouri river steamboatmen are gratified with the provisions of the rivers and harbors bill as it passed the house of representatives on Thursday, as the appropriation made for that stream will be sufficient to remove snags and perhaps establish some lights.

Kansas City's Poet Dies Poor.

Kansas City—Col. W. Warder died at his home here of pneumonia, aged 50. Col. Warder was a poet and novelist and had also written some works on scientific subjects. He built the Auditorium, one of Kansas City's theatres, but lost possession of it and died in comparative poverty.

Debts That Can Not Be Collected.

St. Louis—Houses that manufacture or sell musical instruments operated mechanically or by the hands to ragoon keepers or others for places where music is forbidden by the statutes have no remedy in law should the purchasers refuse to pay, according to a decision rendered by Judge McDonald.

"Spirited" Into Prison.

St. Louis—Prof. Allen L. Drumm has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. The "professor" claimed to be a medium, and his spirits talked through a horn telling their "dear friends" to give the "professor" money, some times as high as \$100.

Youth Given 99 Years.

St. Louis—William Weismiller, 19 years old, who was charged with first degree murder for the killing of Hosea Wardle in a saloon on the night of January 30, pleaded guilty to a charge of second degree murder in the circuit court and was sentenced to 99 years in the penitentiary.

Was a Wealthy Landowner.

Leavenworth, Kas.—K. B. Cecil, wagon boss at Fort Leavenworth, and a freighter in the early days, died at his home in East Leavenworth, Mo., aged 76. He was one of the wealthiest landowners in the southwest.

Aged Negro Found Dead.

St. Louis—Sam Allen, a negro alleged to be 102 years old, was found dead in bed at his home, 12 South Fourth street, by his wife. Allen's death was caused by natural cause.

A Brakeman Killed.

Macon—Milton Fox, 29 years old, a brakeman on the Burlington, fell between the cars and was instantly killed. He leaves a widow and two children at Brookfield.

Egan Leaves Kansas City Terminal.